loue cooles, friendſhip fals off, brothers diuide, in Cities mutinies, in Countries diſcords, Pallaces treaſon, the bond crackt betweene ſonne and father; finde out this villaine, *Edmund* it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully; and the noble and true hearted *Kent* baniſht, his offence honeſt; ſtrange, ſtrange!

Baſt. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are ſicke in Fortune, often the ſurfet of our owne behauiour, we make guilty of our diſaſters, the Sunne, the Moone, and the ſtars, as if we were villaines by neceſſity, fooles by heauenly compulſion, knaues, theeues, and trecherers by ſpirituall predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforc'ſt obedience of planitary influence, and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thruſting on, an admirable euaſion of whore-maſter man, to lay his goatiſh diſpoſition to the charge of ſtars; my Father compounded with my Mother vnder the Dragons taile, & my natiuity was vnder *Vrſa maior*, ſo that it followes I am rough & lecherous; Fut, I ſhould haue beene that I am, had the maidenleſt ſtarre of the Firmament twinckled on my baſtardy; *Edgar*,

Enter Edgar.

& out he comes like the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedy, mine is villanous melancholy, with a ſigh like them of *Bedlam*; O theſe Eccliſpes do portend theſe diuiſions.

Edgar. How now brother *Edmund*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Baſt. I am thinking brother of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe Eccliſpes.

Edg. Doe you buſie your ſelfe about that?

Baſt. I promiſe you the effects he writ of, ſucceed vnhappily, as of vnnaturalneſſe betweene the childe and the parent, death, dearth, diſſolutions of ancient armies, diuiſions in ſtate, menaces and maledictions againſt King and Nobles, needleſſe diffidences, baniſhment of friends, diſſipation of Cohorts, nuptiall breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long haue you bin a ſectary Aſtronomicall?

Baſt. Come, come, when ſaw you my father laſt?

Edg. Why the night gone by.

Baſt. Spake you with him?

Two

Edg. Two houres together.

Baſt. Parted you in good tearmes? found in him by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Baſt. Bethinke your ſelfe wherein you m
him, and at my entreaty, forbeare his preſen
time hath qualified the heate of his diſpleaſ
inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſchi
it would ſcarſe allay.

Edg. Some villaine hath done me wrong.

Baſt. That's my feare brother, I aduiſe yo
arm'd, I am no honeſt man if there be any g
wards you, I haue told you what I haue ſeen
ly, nothing like the image and horror of it; p

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon?

Baſt. I do ſerue you in this buſineſſe:
A credulous Father, and a brother noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo farre from doing harmes,
That he ſuſpects none, on whoſe fooliſh hone
My practiſes ride eaſie, I ſee the buſineſſe,
Let me if not by birth, haue lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can faſhion fit.

Enter Gonorill and a Gentleman.

Gon. Did my Farher ſtrike my gentleman
foole?

Gent. Yes Madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me,
Euery houre he flaſhes into one groſſe crime
That ſets vs all at ods, Ile not endure it;
His knights grow riotous, and himſelfe vpbra
On euery trifle when he returnes from huntin
I will not ſpeake with him, ſay I am ſicke,
If you come ſlacke of former ſeruices,
You ſhall do well, the fault of it Ile anſwer.

Gent. Hee's comming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you ple
fellow-ſeruants, Ide haue it come in queſtion,